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THE  
TRIUMPHS of BIGOTRY.  
A  
P O E M,  
SACRED TO THE PEACEFUL  
M E M O R Y  
O F  
C H A R I S T E S.

Inscribed to the  
Reverend Mr. THOMAS BRADBURY.

By a L A D Y.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C X L I X.



TO THE REVEREND

*Mr. Thomas Bradbury.*

S I R,

**Z**EAL for truths, in which the highest happiness of our fellow Creatures, is supposed to be concerned, (though that should be a mistaken supposition,) provided it be expressed with the modesty and humility, becoming fallible and imperfect men, is a laudable disposition, and ought not to be discouraged. But when under the sanction of a zeal for truth, we endeavour to expose to contempt and derision, the character or memory of amiable and worthy men, and giving a loose to our own passions, seek to rouse and inflame those of others, we are not actuated in such a conduct by the Spirit of God, but by the Spirit of Satan.

If therefore the world should judge that there is a person existing, to whom the following Satyr is applicable, the severity of it may be entirely resolved into this, That it will probably deprive him of the *Laugh*, the only thing he could ever reasonably hope to gain in an argument.

TRANQUILLA.



TO THE READER

THE JOURNAL OF THE



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THE  
TRIUMPHS of BIGOTRY.  
A  
P O E M.

Farewell the great, the good!—this All may cry,  
But sacred Friendship draws a nearer Tye;  
Farewell, my dear, my ever honour'd Friend,  
The Scene is clos'd, Life's Drama at an end!  
Spectators, now, may to the world proclaim  
The honors due to thy distinguish'd name.  
Let all the tuneful choir on Earth applaud,  
And own the voice of thine approving God.

Well.

Well hast thou acted thy illustrious part,  
 With all the finishing of human art,  
 And with a dignity of Grace divine  
 Nobly embellish'd each pathetic line.

When first this sprightly Genius trod the Stage,  
 He shone the darling of the growing age ;  
*Urania* gave him her melodious lyre,  
 And in his bosom glow'd seraphic fire ;  
*Wisdom* endow'd him with a lib'ral hand,  
 And gave him, in her stead, supreme command ;  
 Arm'd him with courage in Truth's sacred cause,  
 Sent him with skill divine, t'enforce her laws,  
 Her charms illustrate, by the clearest rules,  
 Free from the learned jargon of the Schools.  
 All tinsel ornament she threw aside,  
 Affected language, and scholastic pride,  
 With her own cheerfulness illum'd his face,  
 And bade him fly that lure of fools, grimace :



Her



Her strictest precepts in his conduct shone,  
And gentlest manners admiration won.

Assembled crouds his just applauses rung,  
Natives and distant Worlds his Anthems sung,  
The hoary head rever'd his blooming youth,  
And own'd the Champion of declining Truth.

Truths he lov'd most, that most refine the heart,  
And Joys celestial to the soul impart;  
And when Religion's whole extent he drew,  
His own bright pattern held it up to view.  
A zeal for peace through all his actions ran,  
His single aim, the happiness of Man;  
To spread that innocence and heav'nly rest,  
Which held the full possession of his breast.

For these he labour'd; oft, for these prevail'd:  
Or, when success his well-meant efforts fail'd

Repulse.

Repulse he bore with such a noble mind,  
 And with such chearful ease his place resign'd,  
 He rais'd their honour, and secur'd his own,  
 Weil-pleas'd, whene'er he saw himself out done ;  
 To wise defenders of this glorious cause  
 The first to give the merited applause.

The trump of Fame awak'd the realms below,  
 Not less the feats of malice, than of woe.  
 Satan alarm'd, to feel his empire shook,  
 His summon'd Emiffaries thus bespoke.

“ What! are my legions then thus faithless grown ?  
 “ Are my commands despis'd ?---Or, are they known ?  
 “ For what of old did I thro' *chaos* stray,  
 “ From this dark empire, to the realms of day ?  
 “ A glorious cause! to raise an empire there,  
 “ And plunge the new creation in despair ;  
 “ 'Tis yours to follow, where I laid the plan,  
 “ And with success the happy war began ;

“ 'Tis



" 'Tis yours, to press the once-defeated foes,  
 " And Truth and Virtue to the last oppose,  
 " Confound, disguise, disfigure and disgrace,  
 " And wrap in clouds their all-prevailing face.  
 " And yet-----adorn'd by ev'ry art divine,  
 " They march in triumph, and unblasted shine.  
 " My slaves revolt, and crowd yon narrow way,  
 " (Lur'd by that Traytor's all-seducing lay) }  
 " Where only, here and there, one us'd to stray.  
 " This your vast skill! and these your mighty deeds!  
 " His pen, or tongue, your boasted pow'r exceeds.  
 " If you thus flight your charge of human souls,  
 " No more I'll send you on these grand Patroles;  
 " But here transfix you in eternal night,  
 " And o'er my vassals vindicate my right."

Struck with his wrath, submissive, they declare,  
 Their ill-success no proof of slender care.  
 Malice had strove----but his unspotted fame,  
 And life, so undeserving of all blame,

B

His

His Virtues steady, penetrating blaze,  
 Her hideous form, and subtlest wiles betrays.  
 She watch'd him, tempted or by hope, or fear,  
 Yet ne'er could catch the laugh, or raise the sneer.  
 Compos'd and decent, venerable, great,  
 His gentlest hints her utmost powers defeat.

“ And has not yet, (the haughty Chief reply'd)  
 “ Deep laid Diffimulation ere been tried?  
 “ Let ENVY cloath herself with shining zeal,  
 “ MALICE in priestly guise her form conceal.  
 “ Then close attend him in the num'rous throng,  
 “ Resound his merit with a clam'rous tongue,  
 “ Extol his genius, and polite address;  
 “ Few are his Equals, with due warmth confers:  
 “ Yet with a supercilious leering face,  
 “ Slyly insinuate some slight disgrace.  
 “ Proceed with caution----till you fix the snare  
 “ Into some orthodox attentive ear:

“ Then,

" Then, with more boldness, and a nodding head,  
 " Remark on something that he lately said ;  
 " Artfully set it in a doubtful light,  
 " And with a shrug averr, " All is not right,  
 " Here's some unsoundness in the inward part  
 " I fear, he's false, and rotten at the heart."  
 " At length take courage ; in some sacred place  
 " Rise and confront him with a rev'rend face.  
 " Brand him with heresies of ancient date,  
 " Hint at damnation, and bewail his fate ;  
 " Decry his works, and in God's name declare,  
 " That the *great Doctrines* are your only care.  
 " You love him much---*but love the Truth still more,---*  
 " Rise at that hint, and let the torrent roar :  
 " Prepar'd, they'll now admit your wildest rage,  
 " Catch the same fire, in the same work engage.  
 " Thus shall we pull this mighty champion down---  
 " I see him baited by each zealous clown ;  
 " His boasted crowds, I see, dissolve away,  
 " Like falling snow before the solar ray ;

" See



" See him dispirited, and uselefs lie,  
 " Neglected live and unlamented die."

No fooner Satan had his will declar'd,  
 But they to execute stood both prepar'd ;  
 Bent on his ruin swift to Earth ascend,  
 And with officious zeal their charge attend.

But long attendance no success could find,  
 For hard the Task their Tyrant had assign'd.  
 The cause obnoxious, they their wits bestow  
 To make one wise or worthy Man his foe.  
 They labour'd hard, but labour'd still in vain.  
 Their snares, though guarded, met with sure disdain.  
 Confounded here, they instantly had tried  
 One in less weighty matters oft employ'd ;  
 Whose will tho' known, his power they doubted long--  
 And to determine, mingled with his throng,  
 The giddy throng, that by his lure he draws  
 To feed his pride, with Folly's false applause.

A Wight

A Wight he was, renown'd for crouding pews  
 By Scripture quibbles, politicks and news ;  
 Who in all times, had worthily exprest  
 His pious zeal-----to tofs a Pulpit-jest,  
 Profane devotion, sink all sense of right,  
 And fill the mind with levity or spite ;  
 Whose smoothe no-meaning gently flows along,  
 And sugar'd nonsense trickles from his tongue ;  
 Who makes to argument a vain pretence,  
 A stranger both to modesty and sense ;  
 Who could all others excellence deride,  
 Through native haughtiness, or pontiff pride ;  
 Staunch for cant-phrases of reputed note,  
 Learnt in his childhood, and retain'd by rote,  
 In works of sound still mightily excells,  
 And jingles Texts, as Infants jingle Bells.

He spied his friends, the lucky moment blest,  
 And beckon'd both the Harpies to his breast.

Sooth'd by his warmth, they took their well-known seat,  
 And blew the lurking fires to ten fold heat.  
 Wildly he rag'd, and truth and sense defied,  
 Leaving expos'd his ignorance and pride ;  
 A thousand self-defeated efforts died.

And whilst unmov'd the Christian Hero stood,  
 And Men's immortal happiness pursu'd,  
 Ev'n theirs pursu'd, who venom'd arrows flung—  
 Malice turn'd pale, and gnaw'd her forked tongue,  
 Us'd ev'ry art to 'wake the impious strife,  
 Nor ceas'd her efforts with the Prophet's life,  
 But aim'd her vengeance towards the realms of Rest,  
 So fierce the Demon rag'd within the Bigot's breast.



F I N I S.